To buy his fauour, I extend this friendſhip,
Yf he wil take it, ſo, if not adiew,
And for my loue I pray you wrong me not.
*An.* Yes *Shylocke*, I will ſeale vnto this bond.
*Shy.* Then meete me forthwith at the Noteries,
Giue him direction for this merry bond
And I will goe and purſe the ducats ſtraite,
See to my houſe left in the fearefull gard
Of an vnthriftie knaue: and preſently
Ile be with you. *Exit.*
*An.* Hie thee gentle Iewe. The Hebrew will turne
Chriſtian, he growes kinde.
*Baſſa.* I like not faire termes, and a villaines minde.
*An.* Come on, in this there can be no diſmay,
My ſhips come home a month before the day.
*Exeunt.*

Enter *Morochus* a tawnie Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with *Portia*, *Nerriſſa*, and their traine.

*Morocho.* Miſlike me not for my complexion,
The ſhadowed liuerie of the burniſht ſunne,
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.
Bring me the fayreſt creature North-ward borne,
Where *Phœbus* fire ſcarce thawes the yſicles,
And let vs make incyzion for your loue,
To proue whoſe blood is reddeſt, his or mine.
I tell thee Lady this aſpect of mine
Hath feard the valiant, (by my loue I ſweare)
The beſt regarded Virgins of our Clyme
Haue lou'd it to: I would not change this hue,
Except to ſteale your thoughts my gentle Queene.
*Portia.* In termes of choyſe I am not ſoly led
By nice direction of a maydens eyes:
Beſides, the lottrie of my deſtenie
Barrs me the right of voluntary chooſing:
But if my Father had not ſcanted me,



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22296) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIA